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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1870.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
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CRYSTAL PALACE.—Gounod's New Opera, "THE PET DOVE," THIS DAY at Three (last time).—English version by H. B. Farnie. Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Thirlwall, Messrs. Haigh, Connell, and Friend. Conductor, Mr. MARKS. Admission, 2s. 6d., or by Guinea Season Tickets. Stalls, 2s. 6d.; reserved seats, 1s.

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BEETHOVEN, GOETHE, AND MICHAEL ANGELO.*

(Continued from page 630.)

In his admirable *Biography of Michael Angelo* (at first so violently attacked by the herd of commonplace critics), Hermann Grimm says that the statue of "Dawn," as it is called (in the Medici mortuary chapel) reminds him of a symphony by Beethoven—the reader, he observes, must excuse him for remarking that Goethe, also, was as pleased with the Ludovist Juno as with a "song by Homer." In his *History of Art* (fourth edition, p. 540) Lübke remarks: "The proper appreciation, the genuine enjoyment of his" (Michael Angelo's) "works, is, as a rule, a difficult task; hence it is generally a lie, whenever any one not profoundly acquainted with art breaks out into commonplace ecstasies over this artist's demoniacal creations, just as the raptures for Beethoven's later Titanic efforts are simply empty babble." This observation is justified by truth. I myself (the reader will excuse me, I trust, for introducing my own sensations), when I first became acquainted with Michael Angelo, on my first Italian journey to Florence and Rome, experienced a kind of scared astonishment; I admired with my whole soul, but I could not love. On my second journey, it seemed as though the scales had suddenly fallen from my eyes, and the effect then produced was simply overwhelming; the first impression had had time to mature in my soul, just as sour fruit becomes, if kept, ripe and sweet. What the common, trivial intellect of mere art mechanics and critics thought at one time of Beethoven may be gathered from the old notices and correspondence of the *Leipziger Musikzeitung*; Spazier's *Zeitung für die elegante Welt*; the *Morgenblatt*, &c., notices and correspondence of which Lenz has reprinted a portion. But really the acmé is attained when, for instance, the critic who first notices the *Eroica* in the *Morgenblatt* most urgently recommends as a model to Herr von Beethoven "the royal magnificence of the A major Symphony, by — Eberl, a Viennese fifth-rate composer (now forgotten)!" With regard to Michael Angelo, we cannot help being amused when we read in Kotzebue's *Journey to Rome and Naples*, that the author found nothing "great but the size" ("nichts gross als die Grösse")—the long marble beard being especially insupportable in his opinion; that, furthermore, the drawing of the "Last Judgment" swarms with coarse faults; here there is a leg too long; there, an arm too short, &c. Fancy Kotzebue correcting Michael Angelo's drawing—this beats by far Mrs. Lennox pointing out Shakspeare's faults!

If we recollect Michael Angelo's austere and abrupt moral grandeur; the solitude into which, when old, he bashfully withdrew; his ideal friendship for Vittoria Colonna; and his touching love for his brothers, so greatly inferior to him intellectually, the analogous traits in Beethoven's life are very striking indeed. (A second Rochlitz would, probably, go on to remark that Michael Angelo at last became blind, and Beethoven, deaf; Michael Angelo enjoyed the Torso by touching it with the tips of his fingers; Beethoven read Handel's music with his eyes from the score). The positions, too, occupied by both these great men in the history of art certainly offer a remarkable analogy. Michael Angelo (I am again employing Lübke's words), "was the first who recklessly broke with the schools, and it was in consequence of this that modern art commenced the dominion of subjectivity." The very same thing applies to Beethoven.

Michael Angelo pursued a short course of study (not quite three years) under Domenico Ghirlandajo; Beethoven's course of study, also, was short and irregular. The immense genius of both compelled them to create; their masters could not keep up with them: "He can do more than I can," exclaimed Ghirlandajo, on seeing a drawing by his pupil, and Haydn, with anxious solicitude, tried to dissuade Beethoven from printing the C minor Trio, because it left behind it everything to which the public had been accustomed. Michael Angelo created everyone of his figures out of his own inward life, he struggled with every one of his motives, and exclaimed, as Job once exclaimed when struggling with the angel: "I will not leave thee unless thou bleesest me." In the same way does Beethoven struggle with his musical motives; his "*Thematische Arbeit*" is something very different from that of his predecessors, which is essentially only contrapuntal, outward, and technical; he obtains from his motives, by continually fresh developments, their whole significant purport, their entire power of expression. But here there is a great difference. Burkhardt (in the *Cicerone*) justly directs attention to the fact that, with Michael Angelo, the motive is always to be felt as such, and not as the most appropriate expression for a given purport. (The reader has only to remember the two Medici tombs, in order to see the great force of this observation.) With Beethoven the motive possesses of itself only a relative value; the principal point is that it shall say what it has to say. While Michael Angelo "is never pretty or pleasing" (Burkhardt) and has a partiality for the Colossal (the lovely angel on the Dominican tomb at Bologna, a youthful work, being the only instance which can

be looked upon as an exception), Beethoven can smile and joke musically, and lay the prettiest trifles close to the feet of his Colossi.

A principal element in Beethoven—namely, humour, is altogether wanting in Michael Angelo (I do not regard as a stroke of humour the fact of the poor master-of-the-ceremonies, Biagio, being put in Hell, —if, mind, there is any truth in the whole story). The great Florentine, is, too, deficient in Beethoven's tender warmth, and noble, elevated sentiment (for, after all, Michael Angelo's gentlest and most loveable effort, the Delphic Sybil, is a giantess). Beethoven can frequently become good-humoured and absolutely jolly (the last comes under the category of humour); it is scarcely more than on one occasion that Michael Angelo makes an attempt at a mild smile—in the picture of the mothers brought by their coaxing and loving children into the most fearful throng (among the ancestors of Christ in the Sixtine). In approaching the very furthest limits of the Possible the two masters are true brothers. The unrivalled master of anatomy sometimes presents us with what is impossible anatomically, and the unrivalled master of harmony with what is impossible harmonically. (By this I do not allude so much to the notorious chord in the *finale* of the "Ninth," or the horn in the *Eroica*, which nearly obtained for poor Ries a box on the ear, as, for instance, to an irreconcilable opposition between strings and wind, such as occurs in the 126th bar of the "Scene at the Brook," or the much-discussed passage in the "Lebewohl Sonata," where the tonic harmony and the dominant harmony assert themselves simultaneously. Finally, Michael Angelo, like Beethoven, exercised great influence over subsequent art; the traditions of the schools still existed in Mozart, as they existed in Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci. Beethoven escaped from them, and set up his own mighty individuality—exactly like Michael Angelo. At present the individual is emancipated. The old, true tradition, from Cimabue down to Raphael, from Dufay down to Mozart, is now merely a fetter binding the pinions of genius. The types of the great and last model are in consequence the more borrowed and copied. But, because those who take them have not produced them from their own inward life, have not gained them from out a struggle with themselves, as their creators did, these types possess the unbearable characteristics of a lie, of what is in itself untrue. Anyone desirous of seeing what mischief Michael Angelo did, has only to look at Salvati's "Resurrection" (in the Belvedere, 1st floor, Cabinet Eight, number of picture, 37, opposite Andrea del Sarto's fine "Pietà").

Especially beautiful is one of the Marys, who, without rhyme or reason, apes the motive of one of the gigantic saints (to the left and close to the Almighty Judge) in the "Last Judgment." This picture bears a remarkable analogy with the Ninth Symphony. Touches, such as the high A of the soprano sustained for thirteen bars, and the angel who allows the shaft of the scourge to be clapped on his stomach, are of the same kidney; they are equally unmeaning, and—equally the work of genius. After the "Last Judgment," just as artists were unable to paint anything smaller than Battles of the Titans, Overthrows of Demons, &c.; just as the "Last Judgment," with its motives, peeps out everywhere (see Brangin's "Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," in St. Lorenzo; Bugiardini's St. Catherine, in Maria Novello, at Florence &c.), so, for a long time, no composer ever got his music-paper ready for a symphony without the "Ninth" standing like a bugbear behind him. "Who can still write symphonies like Mozart and Haydn?" is the general cry. I take you at your word, gentlemen; who can still write symphonies like Mozart and Beethoven? Would that you could.

What first came after Raphael and Michael Angelo, and what after Mozart and Beethoven, looks more or less like an aftergrowth—musically we are Epigoni; Wagner strikes me as being a purifying, though anything but a fertilizing storm. But for plastic art new paths were opened, and new triumphal garlands earned (Reubens, &c.), while lastly came the legitimate successors of the great old masters, such men as Karstern, Schick, Wächter, Cornelius, Overbeck, our magnificent Schwind; our virile splendid Führich, whose only fault consisted in his being too Christian for people; and Kaulbach, whose Battle of the Huns always strikes me as an alliance between Raphael and Michael Angelo, but who, unfortunately afterwards mistook the right road—and we see where he is. Shall not music blossom in a similar manner at some future time?

In one thing, however, Michael Angelo was more fortunate than Beethoven. No annotators have chosen him as a means of showing how awfully clever they are. As a matter of course, everyone must be able to gather from Beethoven's works (or interpolate in them) whatever pleases him. For instance, in perfect innocence of heart, we looked upon the C minor symphony as a picture of the struggle going on in the recesses of our soul, and of the victory achieved by that soul's Creator; but we were recently informed that Beethoven here intended to present us with an epitome of his political opinions. As, however, every reading is allowable, I beg leave to advance the following: In my opinion, Beethoven did not want to pourtray

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

his political opinions in a lump, but rather his dissatisfaction at the Continental Blockade, then just introduced by the first Napoleon. Look at the first *allegro* with the double-knock motive—| —, is not that Beethoven at the coffee-house, rapping in vain for some coffee? In the *A flat andante*, flowing like sweet honey, the waiter brings him, instead of coffee, a bavaroise; in the defiant *C major* Beethoven bellows out for his coffee; the waiter looks anxiously round, and, after a time, again brings the bavaroise, but this time milled with "Obers." The succeeding *allegro* depicts Beethoven's resignation at having in future to drink chicory-coffee; it is true that it disagrees with him (the fugged theme of the basses), but what can he do? He already thinks of soup made of roasted butter (the conclusion with the weird-like kettle-drum), when—yes—yes—the Continental Blockade is suddenly raised; great stores of coffee arrive from Hamburg; jubilation-finale! I give this interpretation for our Beethoven commentators to think over; they will perceive from it with what respectful admiration I have read and studied their clever essays.

When anything did not suit him, Beethoven was in the habit of heartily laughing at it. His owl-like sapient interpreters would probably have afforded him a fine opportunity for indulging in this propensity. Perhaps his intellectual relative, Michael Angelo, would have helped him!

A. W. AMBROSS.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

There is no doubt that Mr. Tom Taylor, by means of his historical drama '*Twixt Axe and Crown*, has done an essential service to the dramatic art of this country. The great success of that piece proves that there is still a public capable of appreciating a poetical work, which does not pretend to reproduce the trivial details of the work-a-day world. We seem to be getting into a condition so thoroughly "realistic" that we should end by paying the cab that took us to the door of a theatre for the purpose of seeing another cab on the stage. The fact that Mr. Taylor's play is derived from the German is wholly immaterial. It is a "history" in the Shaksperian sense of the word, and the knowledge that the Londoners can now be pleased with a "history" is an unexpected addition to our long theatrical experience. Moreover, it has apparently fixed the position of the large handsome theatre in Long-acre, which previously floated about like the Isle of Delos before it was made stationary by divine interference. The dramatic history of the Princess Elizabeth having been at last withdrawn, its place has been supplied by the *Midsummer Night's Dream* of Shakspeare. The ideal having been introduced the ideal remains. The *Midsummer Night's Dream* is not a play to be easily put upon the stage. It is veritably a dream—dreamy. The characters who carry on the main action are such as no aspiring artist could accept. Albeit, they are associated with dialogue which has become proverbial in our language. A work of fancy, in which the human personages bristling with anachronisms, are scarcely more real than the fairies by whom they are surrounded, is to be presented to the public with a certain amount of reverence. It must be treated as a "spectacle," but to treat so charming a poem as a mere "spectacle" would be profanation.

The play, according to the bills, is produced under the direction of Mr. Ryder, and to Mr. Ryder may fairly be assigned the merit of hitting the just medium between the mere spectacular and the thorough absence of show. The scenery by Messrs. G. Gordon and W. Harford is most beautiful; but it is not forced upon the vision. During those portions of the piece that take place in fairyland the stage is half-darkened, and a dreamy sensation is the result. In the eyes of some managers this fanciful play would seem a vehicle for the introduction of infinite ballet. So is it not at the Queen's. The bill proclaims the employment of 150 children trained by Madame Collier, but these do not interrupt the action. The poem is liberally but severely put upon the stage, and when so much is done to gratify the eye we may wonder at the tasteful abstinence from meretricious accessories.

In the days of theatrical monopoly and strong companies, there were doubtless artists who could make every one of the personages in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* a distinct character. This is not the case now, but one personage must remain as conspicuous—namely, Bottom the weaver, and the appearance of Mr. Phelps in this part is one of the "facts" of the revival. When he played the character at Sadler's Wells all playgoers were struck by the originality of his conception, and the renewed acquaintance with his reading at the Queen's does not correct former judgments. His soliloquy after he has been relieved of the ass's head seems to embody the whole spirit of the play. His dream is "Bottom's dream because it hath no bottom." A stupid, conceited dolt before he began to dream, his stupidity has now reached a point which would claim the adoration of a Mussulman. He has not been figuratively but actually a donkey; yet his reminiscence of the disagreeable fact is not clear. As a bat is something between beast and bird, he has a vague suspicion that he is something between beast and man. He feels for his long ears, he feels for his snout, both lost, and yet he is not certain whether they ever belonged to him. Admirable, too, is the humour of Mr. Phelps when the play is actually played before the "Duke of Athens." A vulgar actor would find here a license for rant, but Mr. Phelps, knowing that he is representing a man who is not a professional actor, rolls out his words without expression or emphasis, just as a charity boy utters his responses in the Catechism.

N. D.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.

The fifteenth series, to commence on Saturday, the first of October, will comprise twenty-six concerts—twelve before and fourteen after Christmas—the first concert of the second portion to take place on the 21st of January, and the last on the 22nd of April. The performances will be conducted by Mr. Manns, whose benefit concert will be held on the 29th April. The band and chorus will be the same as during last season, and the programmes selected on the same principles. That the standard works of the great masters will be performed with all possible care, new works of importance brought forward when practicable, and every endeavour made to maintain the reputation of the Crystal Palace Concerts, may be taken for granted.

The present year being the hundredth year of the anniversary of the birth of Beethoven (born at Bonn on the 17th December, 1770), a more than usual prominence is to be given to his works in the first twelve concerts of the series. It is intended to perform the nine symphonies, with such overtures, concertos, and other compositions, vocal and orchestral, as can be conveniently introduced; and that all which intimate acquaintance, affectionate study, and careful rehearsal can do will be done to put these immortal works before the subscribers in a fuller and finer light even than hitherto, and thus to do honour to the memory of the great master, may safely be counted on in advance. On one of the Saturdays the performance is to consist of *Fidelio*, in English, produced in the new theatre.

B. I. P.

Here Lies,
Politically speaking,
The Body of

Louis Napoleon Buonaparte,
Born 1808, at the Tuilleries,
Died 1870, at Sedan,
Crushed

By the fall of an Edifice, to the edification of which
He has devoted
His life,
His abilities,
And the reputation of his Race.

Creator of the Liberty of Italy,
Dictator of the Freedom of France,
The Steadfast Ally of England
Opponent of Bismarck—not of Germany,

Author of
Les Idées Napoléoniennes,
Lived to behold
Italy refuse him,
France reject him,
England abuse him,
Germany subject him;
And to die

Amidst the howls of the goodly pack
That had licked his boots,
Yelped at the heels of his enemies,
And fed on the fragments from his table.

He fell a victim to
Centralization,

Of which he had been the Mahomet,
And to the pride of a nation
Whose prosperity he had increased,
Whose property he had secured,
Whose commerce he had fostered,
Whose homes he had beautified,

But
Whose Vanity
His negligence had stricken to the heart.

The Period

Erects this monument over him,
As over one who,
Whatever his faults,
Has left such marks upon the Present,
That his traces will be distinctly seen upon the Future;
And
Who has lived a life,
Which deserved a far more glorious death.

"Jam te premet Rog."

ART AND PARIS BOMBARDED.

Paris may be immediately invested. The fair city will be surrounded by 300,000 men flushed with victory, and it is defended by a motley crowd, as numerous as, but in every other respect vastly inferior to, the investing force. We do not propose here to discuss the probabilities of the success either of the attack or the defence. Still less do we intend to say, anything as to the right of the Germans to take every advantage of their unparalleled victories in the field. Nor shall we enlarge on what we may happen to think would be the best policy of Prussia as things stand. All that we are concerned with in these observations is the frightful prospect for civilization, and for all the highest interests of humanity, which the siege of Paris presents. Rome has been taken once and again, and we know what came of Alaric and the Constable of the Bourbon in triumph; we know what came of Titus in possession of Jerusalem; we know how Constantinople fared under the triumph of the Crescent. But these things happened in those fierce old barbarous days. Rome and Constantinople were in a sense richer in priceless treasures than even Paris, but the value even of Rome and Byzantium to the world which then was is as nothing to the value of Paris to the world which now is. Certainly the sack of Paris may not be so destructive as the sack of Rome; relatively to the conditions of society it would be ten times more fatal. And this is a matter which concerns humanity in general, and the best interests of all mankind. The guilt, to whomsoever it must be assigned, is greater in this case than in those cases; because the assailants know the true character of the loss should Paris and what Paris contains be destroyed, or irretrievably or even seriously damaged. Alaric knew not what he was doing. If the worst comes to the worst—that is, if Paris holds out, and it is by no means certain that it will not hold out—the open city, the streets and squares and public buildings will be bombarded. Now just let us think what bombarding means; its object is that briefly announced in the commissions given in naval warfare, to burn, sink, and destroy. This is war, and war of course cannot be conducted with bottles of rose-water. But what war means is, in the matter of a siege, the greatest possible destruction of life and property, precisely at those points where the resistance and defence is supposed to be the weakest. The object is to bring the most overwhelming destruction where defence is impossible, or the most difficult. And given a siege as a necessity, nobody can object to this. It is of no use to interpose sentimental or moral objections to this cruel and barbarous necessity. There it is. Paris is besieged, and it must take all the consequences of a siege. Nobody says that the Germans are not perfectly justified in undertaking the siege of Paris; and everybody must allow that the French are perfectly justified in defending Paris. So resolutely are they bent at present on defending the capital, that street barricades are already contemplated; and it is probable that mines and all sorts of combustible defences are prepared, or will on an extremity be resorted to. And should it come to this or even should it stop just short of this—that is, should the siege be protracted for six weeks or two months—who can say within what limit the destruction would be confined.

Yes; but we are constantly told, it will not come to this. The hopelessness of the defence of Paris, when France has no army in the field, will be made very plain long before the end of six weeks or two months. The neutral Powers will make themselves heard. Something will intervene. Things will not come to these extremes. We may believe that they will not; but keeping in view the events of the last two months, theories and hopes and calculations about any future had better be dispensed with. The siege of Paris is the most improbable of all events; yet it has come to pass. And perhaps the defence of Paris may turn out to be equally opposed to all example, experience, and precedent. Why it is so impossible to conjecture the future, is because there was never a siege or defence since the world began undertaken under the same or similar conditions. The nearest parallel is that perhaps of Titus before Jerusalem, when, as now in Paris, a vast swarm of country folk was swept into the city on the very eve of its investment; and though for the moment all is order, patriotism, and a stern resolve for defence in the inhabitants of Paris, there is as much fierce, wild emotional fanaticism among the Parisians as there was among the Jews; and, unless Paris shall belie all its historical precedents, there are enemies enough within its walls to reproduce a John and a Simon. If the Zealots can re-appear this is the time and place for them. When we speak of Paris, we speak of Paris with all its monuments and all its treasures. Within these fortifications are centered, and are at this moment exposed to the most imminent danger of destruction, collections and treasures the loss of which would annul all civilization. We are not called upon to imitate or repeat all M. Hugo's shrieking eloquence, but the very thought of the Louvre, the Imperial Library, and the Picture Galleries exposed to a bombardment, makes one's blood creep. We are so accustomed to think of Paris as the capital of luxury and pleasure that we are apt to forget that it is the metropolis of letters and art—the very cynosure of civilization. In Paris is heaped up not only history, but the materials

of history; not only the records of past science, but those registered and bequeathed results on which the science of the future depends; not only the choicest treasures of art, but the conditions on which art is founded; not only the results of past civilization, but the possibilities of progress and future enlightenment. To destroy the contents of Paris would be to tear out of the great book of humanity half of its noblest pages.

Yes—again it will be said—but it will not come to this. The siege will be conducted on the most humane principles; the great Emathian conqueror bid his followers spare the house of Pindarus, and the pious King Wilhelm, who has been very particular about Strasburg Cathedral, will be equally careful about Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle, and above all about the Library and the Louvre, and its galleries of Arts and Antiquities. Possibly he will; and yet at Strasburg the Library has been destroyed, and an art-loving King cannot control the range of every projectile. We much doubt whether Prussian artillerymen when they lay a gun will think much of Raffaello or the Venus of Melos. Nor does the safety of the monuments and art treasures of Paris depend alone upon the forbearance or vindictiveness of the besiegers. It will be said that the Parisian mob is a very civilized and artistic mob. They are not likely to sack the Louvre, and to burn the contents of the Library. Perhaps not; though they did burn the Archbishop's Library once. But the Louvre is safe now because works of art were not destroyed in the Reign of Terror; and because in the Revolution of July, and during subsequent revolts of the Paris mob, public monuments and public property were safe. But these hopeful considerations all proceed on the supposition that what has been will be again. We venture to suggest that the past offers no guarantee for the future. Nobody can even guess what the condition of Paris will be three weeks hence. Just now, we are told, it presents a most sublime spectacle of order, confidence, and patriotism. All factions are hushed in the presence of the one great necessity. But the thunderstorm overtakes very suddenly as well as very violently in Paris. We are incredulous as to all sudden conversions, and most suspicious of the conversion of a mob to all social virtues. Two months ago the Parisians, who are now caricaturing and reviling the Emperor were kissing his stirrup. The Parisians are even now, when we are asked to be so very confident about them, at the height of confidence and in the wildest tumults of despair twice within eight-and-forty hours. And the calmness and resolution and gratefulness which is said now to prevail may take a very different turn when the first Prussian gun is fired. To rely for the safety of Paris and the contents of Paris on the continuance of Parisian patriotism is but to lean on a broken reed. Admitting that the garrison can be relied on for prowess, that the rural Mobiles can be turned into decent soldiers, and that General Trochu and the Provisional Government will do their best to preserve order—and we do not despair even of M. Rochefort for this purpose—there remain the dangerous classes, which even after the expulsion of the useless mouths, must reach a terrible cipher. Here is the worst danger of Paris. Nobody can say how large, after a week or two's misery, terror, and scarcity, if not starvation, the dangerous class may not become. Even quiet folks become dangerous, rapacious, vindictive, and sanguinary under the influence of mortal terror. The population of Paris is already lashed into a frenzy; but frenzy may take all sorts of shapes. The Parisians have been reminded of the burning of Moscow; and though Paris will not burn as Moscow burned, or as the London of 1666 burned, we cannot think without horror of a patriotic immolation of Paris. No doubt General Trochu and the Government would not lend themselves to any such absurd fanaticism; but we are thinking of Paris in a state of anarchy, and a million and a half of people mad with every evil passion, and wholly or half starving, may hardly know themselves. They will have been familiarized with burnings; for all the woods and forests around Paris—St. Germain, St. Cloud, and, we suppose, Versailles—are to be, or are already, fired. The trenches are to be filled, so it is said, not with water, but with living fire. Paris with its gas cut off, and its stores of petroleum and nitro-glycerine and other military combustibles, may be at the mercy of any band of fanatics who may think it a patriotic duty not to let Paris and the Louvre become a booty to the German barbarians. That this contingency of a fanatical destruction of Paris by the Parisians themselves is not so violently improbable the recent incident at Laon shows. We believe and hope that the destruction of the citadel of Laon was an accident, and there is no ground whatever for attributing it to the Commandant. But it is just possible that the crime may have been perpetrated by some fluming fanatic, and, what is even more serious, the Parisians are disposed to accept this view, and treat the event as an act of patriotic heroism. This deed may have its emulators; and the spirit which instigated it, or to which it is attributed, is of no good omen for the safety of Paris. The Germans are a very civilized and cultivated and æsthetic race, but we have not much confidence in the reverence shown for art or letters or monuments in a sack. The Duke of Fitzjames, and he is a respectable authority, announces horrible deeds perpetrated by the Prussians at Bazailles. Both sides are getting savage, and if things go on will become more savage. England and France are very conservative of works of

art, but the wanton destruction which they perpetrated in China is not forgotten. We remember the sack of Delhi, and the devastation which we committed on that occasion. The dangers which at this moment threaten Paris are dangers to the whole world, and to all those interests and acquirements which make our modern civilization what it is. We have not that excuse of ignorance and barbarism which Goths and Turks had. Nay, we may, and Prussians may, deplore the ruin of which they may say they are the unwilling instruments. But as far as art, letters, and civilization are concerned—to say nothing now of other interests—we cannot think of the situation in Paris without a shiver of horror and fear.

ENGLISH ACTORS OF OUR TIME.

No. 3.—HERMANN VEZIN.

Mr. Hermann Vezin is what is known as a character actor. He differs, however, from the majority of those belonging to the same class in the quality no less than in the range of his powers. Pathos and melodramatic intensity represent the ordinary limits of the character actor on the more serious side of his art. Mr. Vezin goes beyond these. His pathos deepens and darkens into tragedy, and his more serious performances have a large supply of inspiration and a certain measure of creative force. Not less remarkable than any energy of the actor and the breadth of his conceptions is the extreme delicacy of his method. Fine effects are produced by slightest movements, and the finesse and subtlety in which our stage is deplorably deficient, are displayed in all he does. In all that constitutes the highest form of dramatic exposition Mr. Vezin has no superior on the modern stage. His career has been impeded, hitherto, by circumstances for which he cannot be held wholly responsible. There are, however, in Mr. Vezin's idiosyncrasy qualities which have hitherto offered a barrier to his progress in his art. The most pronounced of these—and that which will require on the part of the actor strongest and most sustained energy to combat—is self-consciousness. Mr. Vezin's later impersonations display less of this defect by which his earlier representations were so greatly marred. So afraid was Mr. Vezin of over-acting he under-acted. In his inflexible determination to be moderate and artistic, to keep within legitimate bounds and by no sacrifice to the taste of an ignorant pit to gain a dearly bought applause, the actor sacrificed a measure of his inspiration. He preserved or appeared to preserve a habit of calm scrutiny and self-investigation which the strongest dramatic impulse was unable to conquer. This is, of course, contrary to all dictates of histrionic art. In the whirlwind of passion the actor may well, as Hamlet says, "acquire and beget a temperance that shall give it smoothness." But this must be the result of mental training previously acquired, and must depend upon no exercise of volition at the time. When acting a part of the highest importance an actor must forget or ignore the very existence of the pit. If true to himself, his art, and his inspiration, he may be altogether indifferent to the opinions of the groundlings. This defect—the only drawback we know from Mr. Vezin's acting—has interfered with the power though not with the subtlety of certain of his performances. It is gradually disappearing, however, as the actor gets more frequent opportunities of appearing before the public in parts worthy of his talent.

The number of characters in which Mr. Vezin has been seen in London is singularly few. We have, indeed, nowadays the curious spectacle of a stage from which according to the complaint of managers and public, almost all talent has disappeared, and on which one of the finest, most original, and most conscientious actors of the day is not allowed to appear. Signs, however, are not wanting that this state of things is near an end, and the amateurs of fine acting may hope in future to see Mr. Vezin in parts worthy of his abilities. In the country Mr. Vezin, since his first appearance a score years ago, has played an entire range of characters, tragic, comic, and even farcical. The ordinary teaching, inseparable as we believe from lasting success, has been gone through, and the apprenticeship to art, without which success can scarcely be hoped, has been served. In London, however, about a dozen parts—rather more than half of which are of unimportance—represent all upon which a judgment can be found. Mr. Vezin's first appearance revealed an actor of highest promise. Mr. Falconer's drama of *Peep o' Day*—a cumbersome and ill-digested production, with a large number of parts, all of value pretty nearly equal—afforded no opportunity to any actor to exhibit qualities much higher than those of the walking gentleman. In Mr. Harden, however, Mr. Vezin acted with a power and self-confidence that augured well for his future, and succeeded in conveying a belief in his capacity for playing parts of a very different order. Since that time—now almost ten years ago—Mr. Vezin has been seen as Bucklaw, in *The Master of Ravenswood*; David Garrick in Mr. Albery's *Doctor Davy*; Markham, in *The Sister's Penance*; Sir Grey de Malpas, in Lord Lytton's *The Rightful Heir*; Murdoch Mackane, in Dr. Westland Marston's *Life for Life*; James Harebell, in Mr. Wills's *Man o' Airie*; Montignac, in *Seraphine*; Iago, and Laertes. Between the representations of parts so various great difference of course exists. In all, however, the faculty of forming at once a distinct conception of the character and painting a picture, which, however remote it might be in outline from that imagined by author or spectator, had at least the merits of clearness, comprehensibility, and justness of proportion was evident. Perhaps the part which

more than any other contributed to secure for Mr. Vezin the approval of the more critical among playgoers was Sir Grey de Malpas in Lord Lytton's drama, Sir Grey de Malpas is a bold bad and unscrupulous man, a little after the fashion of Sir Giles Overreach. Nearly allied to the noble family of Montreville, he is separated by two lives only from the splendid estates which appertain to the Lords de Montreville. To obtain this coveted title and to exchange for ease and splendour the comfortless and humiliating dependence under which he has long winced, he will shrink from few paths however tortuous, from few deeds however desperate. Fortune seems to favour him, and he sees, or thinks he sees, one of the two men who bar his way slain by the other whose life, after the crime is committed, is sapped away by penitence rapidly developing into heart-break. The outline of this character as conceived by Mr. Vezin was fine, and some points of the filling up were admirable. A well-worn air of deference and subservience half concealed the consciousness of power unemployed as yet but fierce and dangerous. The face behind the mask was indicated until the moment came when the mask was quitted. Very few modern representations have exhibited anything finer than the burst of triumph when the schemer rose triumphant and bade those to whom he had hitherto bowed make way for his new-found dignity and bow in turn.

In Murdoch Mackane, the sombre chieftain of a Highland clan was presented with scarcely less power. A sense of unutterable wrong, a morose brooding over schemes of terrible revenge and a passionate yearning for opportunity for retaliation, filled the mind of the man, rendering him callous to all suffering that his progress along the path mapped out might bring with it. The light in his eye was cruel and treacherous. It was that of the man who had meditated on schemes of murder, until the face reflected no humanizing trait, no expression into which any light of gentleness or forbearance could enter. In the scene in which Murdoch learned that his brother's love had been bestowed upon one of the accursed race that had rendered him childless, the sullen embers of wrath broke for once into a flame, and the roused fury reached the verge of madness. This was finely depicted, as was the subsidence of passion and overflowing of soft thoughts when the child so long mourned for as murdered was restored to his arms and the life-long scheme for vengeance was foregone. As David Garrick, in *Doctor Davy*, Mr. Vezin shows that his powers in comedy are analogous to those in tragedy. There is the same beauty of form, the same delicate and highly finished workmanship. A part like this lends itself easily to exaggeration. Mr. Vezin, however, does not yield to any temptation, and is as quiet and artistic when he depicts the garrulous old doctor, who undertakes to minister to a mind diseased, as when he counterfeits drunkenness, or when he draws tears from the puritanical old shopkeeper by his method of narrating the danger and escape of a child. Mr. Vezin's Iago is a clever and adequate performance, wanting a little in colour, but full of suggestion. It was marred at first by a little haste of delivery, but it was striking and full of character. Very much the same praise may be accorded his Laertes. Such characters as those he has played in dramas like *The Master of Ravenswood*, *The Sister's Penance*, *Seraphine*, and the like, only show those qualities of intelligence which are but the groundwork of the intellectual superstructure. As James Harebell, in Mr. Wills's fine play, *The Man o' Airie*, pathos and feeling were very finely developed, and the scene in which the mad old poet, standing beneath the monument erected to himself recognizes the words and air of one of his own poems, and continues in quivering notes the melody is surpassingly moving and artistic. Mr. Vezin's powers not fully yet revealed. When sufficient opportunity is afforded him he will take a place in the foremost ranks of his profession. Absence of electricity and, perhaps, of complete spontaneity may remain a defect, but grace of outline and sense of proportion such as he possesses cannot fail to win their way when backed by such gifts as he owns of keen perception and psychological appreciation and analysis.

K.

MUSIC AT FLORENCE.

(From a Correspondent.)

The autumn season is close at hand, and the various theatres are busy preparing novelties. But these will excite very little interest as long as the war crisis lasts. The public mind is too unsettled to care much about art. In consequence of the great success achieved last season by Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, and *Giannina e Bernardone*, several once famous old operas, long unjustly forgotten, will be revived. The Teatro Niccolini will open with an opera by Fioravanti, and this will be followed by other works of a similar description.—The presence of that indefatigable composer, Signor Petrella, has given rise to a report that he is about to produce a new opera.—Considerable sensation has been excited in musical circles by a new instrument, the "Melopiano," an invention of Signor Caldera, engineer, of Turin. The Melopiano is a simple stringed-instrument, but to the sounds of the piano it unites those of the organ. This result is obtained by a system of double and rapid percussion. Competent judges pronounce the Melopiano a great success.

CHURCH MUSIC AND CHOIRMASTERS.

To the Editor of the "Church Review"

Allow me through the medium of your paper to call the attention of those interested in the present Catholic revival to what, I think, is one of the most important elements connected therewith—viz., Church music; but more especially to an evil which seems to be a rapidly increasing one. I allude to the assumption by some of the clergy—mostly young priests—of the duties of choir-master, and that with little or no knowledge of the necessary requirements of that office.

As to the first point named—Church music—I have found a strong desire on the part of many of the clergy to use almost wholly in their services the ancient hymn tune. Now, I have no doubt that what follows will be deemed rank heresy by those of strong antiquarian tastes, who only seek to find something sufficiently old to offer thereto all the reverence and devotion they are capable of, without any regard to its practical use; but I speak as a musician and from experience, and, whilst feeling the greatest respect for such tunes as to their age and general excellency, I very humbly submit that, as a rule, they are utterly impracticable for congregations, and, to a great extent, for choirs. As one amongst many proofs of this take the example of St. Alban's, Holborn, where, I suppose, the congregation have been used to the "Hymnal Noted" for years, and I think that even the most enthusiastic devotee of that hymnal would scarcely venture to say that the singing by the congregation of such tunes is satisfactory. The reason is obvious to all who give the matter a moment's consideration, for the more the rule of "one note to a syllable" is deviated from, the greater the difficulty to sing. Having due regard to the musical excellency of a tune, surely the best test of its adaptability to congregational purposes is that whereby it is seen how soon such tune can be learned and heartily sung by a congregation. The compilers of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" have shown their wisdom in this respect by introducing comparatively so few of the ancient tunes (those being of the most practical character) into their collection; and if such tunes were used in the same proportion as the modern tunes, no one, I think, could object—*e. g.*, let the anthem, as a rule, be sung to one of the ancient tunes; of course I mean by this in churches where the more elaborate composition under that name is not used. But let such, or other, tunes be taught the choir by an efficient choir-master, not necessarily by the priest because he is a priest, unless he is duly qualified by study and experience for that office. To find such among the clergy is very rare, for it is well known that formerly the study of music received little or no attention from the great majority of them; indeed it is only since the commencement of the present "revival" that their attention has been drawn more generally in this direction.

I fear that it too frequently occurs that a priest who happens to possess "a good voice," and, perhaps, "a good ear," considers such qualifications all that is necessary to fit him for the post of choir-master. Such an one as learnt his own portion of the service "is able to intone;" and perhaps can show the organist that he can by much struggling play through a hymn tune; therefore he at once sets up for precentor and choir-master—and what is the result? The choir are made into so many "dummies" through his inability to teach the tunes he drags into the services, most likely not on account of their general excellency, but because he has heard them at this or that "correct" church. And a word as to the kind of tune such a choir-master affects. It will generally be seen that they are either from "ancient" sources, or else they are painfully "modern," and, therefore, in the former case the choir get through as best they can, or in the latter they *bellow* out (for plenty of noise is what such a choir-master aims at) such tunes as the popular waltz-setting of "O Paradise," or Méhul's melody, "Ere infancy's bud," to the same words, or the *churchy* rendering of "We won't go home till morning" to "For thee, O dear, dear country;" not to mention "The Mill Wheel" (C.M.), the *andante* from Haydn's Overture in D, to "Brightly gleams our banner," and a host of other "adaptations" both sacred and profane.

Without going into the question of the desirability or otherwise of having church choirs trained by clerics or laymen (though much might be said on both sides) let us as Catholics, who feel in our worship that we must honour God by offering the best of everything, and as we, therefore, dedicate to His service our highest talents in architecture and painting—let us, I say, not forget the equally important sister art, Music, and at all times endeavour to promote what is best in music for congregational purposes, and have such music taught by one who is most competent, whether cleric or laic; and we may be sure that by this means our Church music will occupy a far higher position than it has hitherto held, and thus be a greater means of teaching all within and attracting all without the Church.

A CHURCH MUSICIAN.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The Russian operatic company was inaugurated by Moniuszko's opera, *Halka*. Mdlle. Lewinsky, who appeared this season at Drury Lane, is engaged to sing in M. Gounod's *Faust*.

LUCERN.—Herr R. Wagner has just completed the first act of the third part of *Die Nibelungen*. He hopes to finish the entire work in two years. He is at present engaged on a book about Beethoven, which will, probably, appear before the beginning of next year.

SONGS OF THE WAR.

(From the "Period.")

LA MARSEILLAISE.

Be off now, infants of the country!
The day of glory proves a bore.
What boots your Boulevard effrontery,
When on you Prussian armies pour?
And where's the use of shouting "Allons?"
More need to murmur "Sauvons-nous!"
For things look precious Prussian-blue
Since Mobios showed their backs to Châlons.
To heels, then, citizens! Prepare the bill to pay.
Marchands, marchands, bourgeois, there dawns a pretty settling day.

"SIE SOLLEN IHN NICHT HABEN."

O let 'em bag it wholly, The free, the German Rhine, So long as they will solely Leave me in peace to dine. So long as through the Grenz Good Gasthäuser endure; So long as from Coblenz a Road leads to Ems's Kur; O they may snub and sit on The free, the German Rhine, But leave the travelling Briton To cut his usual shine.	O they may take, and welcome, The free, the German Rhine; But let the tourist swell come, And quaff his Moselwein. So long as ruins (Katzen And Mäuse) standing are; So long as one small Batzen Will buy a mild cigar; O let 'em cease their slaughters, And seize the German Rhine; But leave to me the waters That suit my feeble spine.
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"NOUS L'AVONS EU VOTRE RHIN ALLEMAND."

We would not have it, your free German Rhine:
It isn't worth the broil and bother.
An ass was Condé, we opine;
De Musset was a flippant author.
We quite appreciate the laws of "mine" and "thine."
We would not have it, your free German Rhine.
We don't desire it, your free German Rhine:
One Gravelotte is sufficient—thankie!
Señal we looked on as a sign
How barren is the hanky-janky
Of fighting for *la gloire*; so please march back your line.
We don't desire it, your free German Rhine.

"WAS IST DES DEUTSCHEN VATERLAND."

What is the German's Fatherland? I'm blest if I can understand. Is't where the china pipe-bowl burns? Is't where the cabbage acid turns? Oh no, oh no; and Arndt says No: The Fatherland is more. "Ja so!"	What is the German's Fatherland? Baptise it, patriots trepanned. Is't where the stately camels press, Evolved from inner consciousness? "Ach nein!" or Anglice Oh no: Not even Kant contents him so.
What is the German's Fatherland? Do foreign landmarks bound the strand? Is't Cincinnati? Is it where Weird streets lead east of Leicester Square? Oh no, oh no, proud Cockneys, no; The Fatherland is not Soho.	What is the German's Fatherland? Give it a name, and liquor stand. 'Tis where the gutturals split the ear, And herring-salad's quenched in beer. "Ach he!" "Loh he!" Bismarck & Co. Hans Breitmann answers "Eden so!"

One Hundred Pounds Reward.

One hundred pounds of the realm will be immediately handed over to the *cumini sector* who will explain the exact meaning of the following:—

"Schumann, who dares to mount with thee must dare
Of pain and peril all a man may know,
Battle, and the cry to them that will not spare
Their charioting—glory, and blood, and woe;
And inarticulate passion moaning low,
Mixed with mute calms and holy quietings,
That one might say, "fire and the flight of wings
Thro' heaven beside his feet are slack and slow;"
Hope, with an utter sadness creeping through,
Joy, that for ever c.m.ing comes not quiet,
And seething of black clouds more black than night,
And heights of blessedness more pure than snow,
Where one plunge downwards bringeth to the brink
Of passionless despair—but who would shrink?"

The foregoing is an extract from a volume of poems by James Rhoades, recently published by Macmillan & Co. "Battle, and the cry to them that will not spare their charioting" sounds marvellous fine. But what does it mean? What, indeed, does the whole mean? Will "G. G." explain.

One Hundred Pounds Reward.

A SOUTH LONDON correspondent calls attention to the so-called harmonies to the Gregorian tones, played by the organist at a well-known Ritualistic church, forming a combination of sounds so hideous as to call for the interference of the Precentor of Canterbury, the proper authority to appeal to. Our suburban critic would find some difficulty in inducing his Lordship to interfere; but, from experience, we can sympathize with his indignation at the burlesque organ-playing now heard in London churches where the severe ecclesiastical style is followed by the choir, while the most unchurch-like gymnastics are indulged in upon the keyboard.—Choir.

(By Electric Submarine Telegraph.)

Mdlle. Christine Nilsson has arrived safely, after a very rough passage. Her first concert has already come off (Sept. 19th—at Steinway Hall).—An enormous success!—Receipts—four thousand eight hundred dollars.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PRO-GALLIA.—A people which could listen, without stoning the orator, to such miserable and inflated bombast as that which M. Victor Hugo has recently addressed to Frenchmen, or, rather, to Parisians (not exactly the same thing), deserves no matter what may be the "bitter end." If the Parisians are idiots, they must be content to take the ordinary way of idiots. Of what significance is their pompous bluster now.

SHAYER SILVER.—True. One scarcely ever takes up a serial without seeing a review of a new novel by "Percy Fitzgerald;" and one unconsciously asks—who the deuce (devil) is "Percy Fitzgerald?"

URRE.—M. Jules De Glimes is at Brussels, where for many years he has occupied the position of *maitre des maitres*. He has "cut" England altogether.

FARMER TOUGH.—We never heard mention of such a dance. "Bourré," yes—but not the other. Is not Farmer Tough thinking of a Yorkshire dance, somewhat approximating to the Scotch "jig"?—the dance to which Admiral Wink, Cornet Causar, Ancient Lucy, and Corporal Silent Ward of the North are so affected?

JULES.—Yes—but with a difference. When Alboni first appeared in England (April 6th, 1847) she was scarcely twenty-two.

DILETTANTE.—Mdlle. Amalia Corbari was recently married to a Russian gentleman, well to do and highly esteemed.

TEOBALDO.—No. It was Mozart who wished to take Paesello in "the coach." The composer upon whose melody Mozart improvised variations, was Sarti—the master of Cherubini.

NOTICE.

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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1870.

A HOLIDAY LEADER.

I, whose name is subscribed, am recreating at Dolgelly—a place chosen for various reasons, but principally for the natural beauties which lovingly encircle it, as the arms of Titania encircled the neck of Bully Bottom. I would do no wrong to Dolgelly; and when I compare it to the Athenian mechanic, beloved of the fairy queen, no wrong is done. The town is a queer little stone wart on the face of a charming country; and, looking at it, one marvels how it got there, or why, being there, it is not "improved" off with speed. This will suffice for Dolgelly; but its "ancient mountains" and its "lovely vales" (to quote from our newest national anthem), how many words would be requisite for justice to them!—Mr. Tupper, who welcomed Princess Alexandra with—

A hundred thousand welcomes
And twenty thousand more—

and who is, therefore, numerically minded, might be able to tell, but I cannot. Enough that in contemplating the mountains—climbing them I leave to people who are "better-breathed"—and wandering through the valleys, one gets exalted in spirit above the work-a-day world, and remains there till mine host of the wayside inn has to be settled with for refreshments. Than this, however, a much greater downfall was mine the other day. I had sauntered about the base of Cader Idris, and enjoyed the rare treat (in September) of seeing that respectable mountain

take off its night-cap of cloud—in short I was prepared to follow Coleridge, and indite a hymn to its bald peak, when my editor spoke through the post thus:—"I shall expect a leader from you this week, let it be ever so short." Now, I appeal to all reasonable men, if these were not "hard lines." Saying nothing about the loss of that contemplated Hymn, how was I, shunted on a distant siding, with fires out and boiler empty—under repair, in point of fact—suddenly to get up steam and run over the old road, according to the time-table? The idea was monstrous; but editors, as a rule, are monsters; what is more to the purpose, they are despots, and must be obeyed. But there is obedience, and obedience; the one according to the letter, the other such as was Lord Nelson's—when he would have retreated but for inability to see the signal of recall with a blind eye. I resolved to give my editor a taste of the latter. "He shall have a leader,"—I said with grim satisfaction—but, it shall lead nowhere, and be *à propos* of nothing." This is the prologue of it; and if, having read thus far, he refuses to print it, I don't care.

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Observe these stars, for they have a signification. They mean that ten minutes ago I began to search out a path leading nowhere, and have not found it yet. The task is much easier in the Dolgelly country. I did it, for example, with the promptitude of instinct, only yesterday. There was a desirable point, and, here, an eligible track, leading straight towards the desirable point. But the eligible track dipped into a hollow, described a right angle, and stopped at a wall. It was a sheep track, and Welsh sheep take a deal of saltatory exercise; but I don't, and, therefore, the path led me nowhere. Now, if it were as easy to get on some mental course equally disappointing, I should enjoy a sweet revenge. Alas! it is not. Pen in hand, I gravitate at once towards musical topics, and begin where I may, the old familiar road is reached by the shortest cut. Dear old Uncle Toby, and pleasant old Corporal Trim (adjectives used because my editor hates Sterne and all his works), could not read the newspaper in their quiet garden without making ravelins and counterscarps—whatever they may be—among the cabbages. Such force hath the second nature we term use; and I, for one, don't believe in the talk sometimes heard about flinging off the harness of life, and grazing peacefully, like a superannuated hunter in some secluded field. The thing may be very nice as a bit of sentimentalism; but it can no more be reduced to practice than the "love-in-a-cottage" idea which haunts young ladies to whom existence without diamonds is a blank. Poor old Cowper sighed for—

"—a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade."

Yet, who credits the possibility of his happiness, with pen and ink out of reach, and no Mrs. Unwin to hear his poems read o' nights? Stepping from Cowper to Jones, the retired grocer, have we not seen, when Jones made his fortune and won the Elysium, in view of which sand was often mistaken for sugar, how—

"Melancholy marked him for its own."

Jones moped about the "snug little box" which was to be his haven of rest; waxed gouty of habit and cross of temper, and, at last, fretted himself into the grave, longing for the clang of his scales upon the counter. So it is, more or less, with us all, and that even when we assume to be at large for a little while. Mr. Gladstone may pick up sea-weed at Walmer; Mr. Disraeli may design porches for his labourers' cottages at Beaconsfield; and men less illustrious may disport themselves according to their several fancies; but whether statcraft or handicraft be the work of each, the mind can no more be kept from it than the superannuated hunter aforesaid can refrain from pricking his ears at

sound of the bugle-horn. But, stop!—how did this moralizing begin?—and whither does it lead? Looking back to answer the first question, I catch the “let it be ever so short” of the editorial order. Moreover, I see that by concluding here, and reserving music for next week, I shall have written “a leader which leads nowhere, and is *à propos* of nothing.” *Au revoir, M. le Rédacteur-en-chef*; another time, I fancy, you will not disturb my holiday.

THADDEUS EGG.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

It is good news for those who love Art that the treasures of the Louvre have been removed from Paris to a place of safety, the whereabouts of which has been kept secret. There can be no impropriety in wishing that the English Government, or, say, the ever-energetic Mr. Henry Cole, had borrowed for the time as many of the precious pictures in question as could be accommodated at South Kensington.

IN continuation of what has been said on former occasions of the excellent music at Scarborough, a passing mention should be made of the reproduction of some secular marches, minuets, gavottes, and curtain-tunes of Handel, the stately and sublime. The freshness, vigour, and variety of this music is, of course, known to all who have studied the works of the master; but that they have fallen, like a pleasant surprise, on those who only know Handel by a few of his oratorios, is evidenced by the attention and applause with which the selection is received whenever it takes its turn among the lighter works of the modern school. *H. F. C.*

At the annual meeting of the Board of Governors of the Birmingham General Hospital, on Wednesday, a letter was received from Mr. Richard Peyton, Chairman of the Orchestral Committee of the Birmingham Festival, enclosing a cheque for £5,000, on account of the proceeds of the recent music meeting. It was stated that when the accounts are made up nearly another sum of £1,000 will accrue to the hospital, as the result of the festival of 1870—the most productive on record.

THE Restoration of Gloucester Cathedral is being carried out, under the supervision of Mr. Gilbert Scott, on as large a scale as the funds will permit. The south porch is nearly completed; the rich front of tabernacle work has been faithfully reproduced; and niches for statues, with beautifully carved canopies, have taken the place of the modern dial. Mr. Redfern, of London, is carving the fourteen statues for the porch. The aisles of the choir have been carefully cleaned and repaired; St. Andrew's Chapel has been finished for some time; St. Paul's Chapel is being completed; and the renovation of some of the other chapels is in a forward state. The estimated cost of the whole work is £45,000, whereas the total amount paid and promised up to the present time, even including £5,000 given by the Dean and Chapter, is only £14,157.

FOR the first time in Paris since theatres were permanently established, there has been a complete cessation of dramatic performances. Whilst the Revolution was progressing, the tragedies of Marie Joseph Chenier and Arnault *père* were performed; and while the Reign of Terror deluged the streets of Paris with blood, pastoral dramas, recording the lives and quarrels of Croydon and Amoret, divided the public favour with republican idylls celebrating the triumph of the new régime, the marriage of priests, and other novelties. Napoléon went to the campaign which ended at Waterloo while the *Triomphe de Train* was being performed; and the entry for the second time of the Allies into Paris was celebrated by the production of *Le Roi et la Ligue*. Subsequently, neither defeat nor revolution was able to check the voyage of dramatic performances. Not the least curious feature of the present struggle is the fact that theatrical entertainments have been stopped by authority, and that even before the interference of the law, public opinion had brought about their cessation. With the end of the theatrical performances comes, of course, a stoppage of the journals wholly, or in a great measure, devoted to the drama.

PROVINCIAL.

PLYMOUTH.—The farewell visit of Signor Mario, at the “Three Towns Philharmonic and Oratorio Concerts,” attracted a crowded and fashionable audience. The *Western Morning News* writes as follows:—

“Mario, the hero of the night, had a hearty reception, and sang with exquisite taste. Those who had forgotten that he had been for a generation one of the musical idols of the public were, perhaps, somewhat disappointed; but the great artist was quite himself in ‘Spirito Gentil,’ and rapturous was the applause which succeeded. According to an enthusiastic encore, he substituted ‘Good-bye, sweetheart.’ It is difficult to decide to which of his duets the preference should be given, especially as in the one he was seconded by Mdlle. Liebhart, and in the other by Mdlle. Enriques. In response to an encore for ‘Little bird, so sweetly singing,’ Mdlle. Liebhart, sang ‘Oh, dear, what can the matter be?’—quietly substituting ‘bonny fair hair’ for ‘bonny brown,’ to make the song suit her own personal individuality. She also threw true pathos into the ‘Blind girl’s dream.’”

Bow.—(From a Correspondent).—On Monday, the 19th September, the winter course of entertainments and lectures, in connection with the Bow and Bromley Institute, was opened by a concert which equalled any entertainment of a similar kind at the East end of London. The concert-room is well adapted for sound, and accommodates about 800 persons. Miss Amy Weddle played two pianoforte solos by the Chevalier de Kontski (“Souvenir de Faust,” and “L’Echo de la Guerre”). She was encored in both, and well deserved the compliment. Miss Jessie Royd and Miss Augusta Darvell were received with marked favour, the former being encored in “Ah fors’è lui,” “Diamond Eyes,” and “Why are you wandering;” the latter in “Happy be thy dreams” and “Home, sweet Home.” Mr. Edward Lloyd sang “Alice, where art thou?” and “Let me like a soldier fall;” and, in company with Miss Darvell, the duet, “The Sailor sighs.” Mr. Farquharson, who acted as accompanist, also gave a descriptive scene, “The Desert,” and a buffo scene, “Blue-Beard,”—of happy memory (remember John Parry!) The committee of the Bow and Bromley Institute deserve success in their undertaking to supply what has long been wanting to the East end of the Metropolis.

NEWS FROM VIENNA.

(From a Correspondent.)

On the retirement of M. Herbeck from the Society of the Friends of Music, the post of conductor was, as our readers are aware, offered to Herr Hellmesberger, who, however, felt bound to decline it, on account of his duties in connection with the Singverein. Negotiations were then commenced with Herr Dessoff—a plan being started of a fusion with the Philharmonic Concerts—and, also, with Herr Brahms, but failed in both instances. Another and more pressing application was now made to Herr Hellmesberger, who ended by acceding to it, on the understanding that he is to be assisted at the Singverein by Herr Frank.—On the 8th inst., Herr Theodor Wachtel received, at the Carl Theater, the highest sum probably ever received by any German singer for one night’s performance. After the nightly expenses, 400 florins, have been deducted, Herr Wachtel, by the terms of his agreement, has a clear half of the receipts. The receipts on the night in question were 2,850 florins. Herr Wachtel’s share amounted, therefore, to 1,225 florins.

“Oh! dear me! who wouldn’t then be,
A tenor thus bless’d with a jolly high C!”

—The Beethoven Festival, which was to have been celebrated this month, has, in consequence of the war, been postponed. It will now take place on the composer’s birthday, in December. *Z. Z.*

A MEMBER of the orchestra at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, was lately, so at least says the *Morgenpost*, summoned to Salzburg, to fill the position of leader at the Mozarteum. He arrived in due course, and gave a touch of his quality as a violinist to a select and critical few, among whom was no less a personage than Herr Joachim, *facile princeps* of all the violinists in existence. The performer was highly praised, and, in his own mind, already looked upon his appointment as a settled thing. Next morning, however, he received a letter from the director of the Mozarteum, Dr. Otto Bach, stating that he could not be appointed to the vacant office because—he was a Jew. So, at least, again says the *Morgenpost*.

PROVINCIAL CRITICISM.

If some of our miserably arrogant and intolerably conceited London musical critics want to know what musical criticism really is (or at any rate *ought to be*), let them peruse the subjoined, from the *Western Daily Mercury* (Plymouth), of the 15th inst. A perusal will repay their trouble, and in all probability give them a "wrinkle" or so:—

"Rarely, if ever, has the success of any concert given in the Three Towns excelled that given at St. James's Hall, Plymouth, last evening, and the scene that its spacious and brilliant interior presented for three or four hours was one that will long live in the memory of those fortunate enough to witness it. The concert was the first of Mr. Winterbottom's Philharmonic and Oratorio series, and he is to be warmly congratulated upon the *éclat* which favoured the inauguration. Success, however, was anticipated, and it was difficult to see how other than success could be experienced. A programme bearing the names of Signor Mario, of world-wide renown; of Mdlles. Liebhart and Enriques, operatic singers of note; of a violinist so incomparable as Signor Sivori; and of a pianist so renowned as the Chevalier de Kontski, commands success by the incontestable character of its attractions, and to these were added those of a splendidly efficient orchestra, and of perfect arrangements. The result was a crowded house, and the auditory had all that variety which is naturally to be expected when the prices of admission conveniently range from one shilling to seven and sixpence. The Earl of Mount Edgumbe, the Dowager Countess of Mount Edgumbe, Lady Ernestine, the Hon. Mr. Edgumbe and Admiral Sir W. Codrington were among those present. The audience were very appreciative and the artists obliging; and the consequence not unnaturally was that Mr. Winterbottom, in intimating that carriages might be ordered for half-past ten, causing them to be waiting just an hour before the concert closed.

"The concert opened full of promise with a very charming performance of Auber's light and fanciful overture to the *Crown Diamonds*, by an intelligent and powerful orchestra, made up of members of the Royal Marine Band, and of several leading amateurs of Plymouth, aided by a few members of Sir Michael Costa's Royal Italian Opera Band. Never have the piquant and quaint characteristics of the melodies of the piece been so exquisitely rendered as they were last evening, and the passages for the stringed-instruments alone were played with a force that made it quite a feature of the performance. Mdlle. Liebhart placed herself at once on good terms with the auditory by singing in a high clear voice the *Figaro* recit., 'Giunse alfin,' and the following air, 'Deh vien!' most tastefully. With stage accessories its excellencies would, however, have been more apparent. Mdlle. Enriques next sang Virginia Gabriel's beautiful song, 'She came like a dream' successfully, her rich and powerful contralto showing especially well in the lower passages. Signor Mario then, with Mdlle. Liebhart, gave the *Traviata* duet, 'Parigi o cara.' The reception given to the veteran tenor was of the most gratifying character, and the pleasure with which he acknowledged it was very evident. The Signor sang with all that marvellous grace and fervour which won for him, on the Italian opera stage a position unapproached by any other artist, and even the pains he takes to repair the ravages ruthless time has made on his splendid vocal powers were oftentimes elements of new beauties. Very admirably did he sustain Mdlle. Liebhart, whose singing was very expressive, and the applause at the close was hearty. Signor Sivori, the only living pupil of Paganini, who was destined to become the idol of the evening, followed the duet with a brilliant performance on the violin (with bell accompaniment), of the *Adagio Religioso*, and the rondo of his great master's, *La Clochette*. Its perfection in execution and in feeling was quite worthy of Paganini, and so great was the applause at the finish that he had to return twice to bow his acknowledgment. The orchestra won additional laurels in their glorious realization of the delicate and manifold beauties of Haydn's *Surprise Symphony*. To Signor Mario fell very properly the honour of the first encore of the evening. It followed upon his singing the cavatina, 'Spirito Gentil,' which produced a thrilling effect. Responding to the compliment, he sang 'Good-bye, sweet-heart,' and the selection was received with marked approval. Allen's 'Little bird, so sweetly singing,' was very prettily interpreted by Mdlle. Liebhart, and the brilliancy of a very elaborate *finale* quite 'brought down the house.' The old song, 'Oh, dear, what can the matter be?' was chosen for the response to the encore, and it was sung with a deal of humorous expression, much to the liking of the audience. Chevalier de Kontski next absorbed the attention of the auditory by his remarkable pianoforte performance, fantasia on *Faust* airs, and wonderfully rousing was his playing of the 'Soldiers' Chorus,' given with all that fire which is characteristic of such selections. Contrasting remarkably with this *fortissimo* effect was his playing of 'Salve dimora,' and the other music of the garden scene. The grand operatic selection from *Lucrezia Borgia*, arranged with much artistic skill, was a glorious finish to the first part, and another honour for the orchestra.

"The second part possessed features of equal interest. It opened with the *Gazza Ladra* overture, grandiose enough in its martial colouring to symbolize the triumph of a victorious army, and closed with the exquisite 'Wedding March' of Mendelssohn, and these performances would do credit to any Metropolitan orchestra; as would also the really artistic interpretation of Beethoven's *andante* movement from Symphony No. 1. Signor Mario sang with genuine feeling a new song, 'Deep in my heart there dwells,' by Walter Maynard, and

he appeared at his best in the duet, 'Se m'ami encore,' which he sang with Mdlle. Enriques. Mdlle. Liebhart sang Louisa Gray's pathetic song, 'A Blind Girl's Dream,' and in answer to the encore she gave, 'Coming thro' the Rye' with much humour. But it was Signor Sivori and the Chevalier de Kontski who came in for the highest honours. Together they shared the enthusiastic applause accorded to the performance of a Duo Concertante (*Guillaume Tell*). Signor Sivori's wonderful command over the violin was most thoroughly demonstrated in his performance of a remarkable *Mouvement Perpetuel*—a composition of his own. The applause at the end was vociferous, and in response, he played a fantasia on an air, capable of being splendidly burlesqued. The Chevalier's performance of *L'Echo de la Guerre*, a piece arranged by him in relation to the present war, introduced the celebrated *March of Dessauz*, and the 'Marseillaise Hymn,' and the power and expression with which it was played from the beginning to the end had a marked effect on the audience. Altogether the concert was a great success, a rare treat to all, and through it Mr. Winterbottom is at once established as a guide in our musical taste."

What the concert had to do with "Philharmonic," or "Oratorio," we leave it to Mr. Winterbottom (the "enterprising impresario") to explain.

DEATH OF MR. MACHIN.

In our obituary column to-day is announced the demise of our esteemed townsman, Mr. William Machin, a gentleman who attained fame as a vocalist extending beyond local circles. Mr. Machin, who resided in Mayfield Road, Handsworth, went out on Wednesday for a walk, in his usual health, returning apparently well to his residence. Late in the evening, about ten o'clock, while talking with a friend, he suddenly put his hand to his heart, and gave one or two spasmodic gasps. His friend alarmed, ran for medical assistance, but before it arrived Mr. Machin was dead. The deceased won repute in Birmingham, London, and elsewhere, as a bass singer, and for many years was one of the most active members of the Birmingham Festival Choral Society. During boyhood he was apprenticed to Messrs. Jennens & Bettridge (papier-mâché and japan work), but very soon joined the choir of the Cannon Street Meeting House, where his special gifts were early developed. A little later Machin became a member of the Lichfield Cathedral Choir, and while there attracted the attention of the late Sir Robert Peel, at whose recommendation he received the appointment of member of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, in which he acquitted himself so creditably that he obtained the Queen's special patronage for his concerts in this town. By virtue of his appointment at the Chapel Royal, he became member of Her Majesty's household. The deceased was one of the vicars choral of St. Paul's, London, and held an office in connection with the Temple Church. He was in his 73rd year, and through a long life endeared himself to a large circle of professional and private friends.—*Birmingham Daily Gazette*.

ALFRED NICHOLSON.

(From the "Athenæum")

The obituary of last week records the recent death, at Leicester, of Mr. Alfred Nicholson, aged forty-eight, after his having for some years been withdrawn from public duty by a wearing and hopeless illness. The choice of his instrument—the oboe—is one which may be said to limit the player to orchestral or concerted performances; but in these the excellence and value of Mr. Nicholson were well known, and honourable to his master, M. Barret. As a man, he was of a genial nature,—one who cherished refined tastes and fancies, besides those of his own art: in brief, belonging to the company of contemporary English players, who, so far as manners and culture are concerned, have most acceptably replaced those of the preceding generation in this country. The sufferings of his last years were kindly ministered to, and, as far as possible, alleviated by his friends and comrades in art. But this was no exception to a well-known rule. The unobtrusive kindness and liberality of musician to brother musician, in the hour of trial and decay, cannot be over-estimated, and should never be forgotten by those protesting against the ascetics, happily diminishing in number, who have been used to decry a gracious and lovely art as one which necessarily demoralizes its professors.

To the Editor of the "Choir."

SIR,—Your correspondent, "R. M.," enquires where the beautiful chorale, "Jesus, meine Zuversicht," is published in England. I purchased many years back in London a collection of chorales harmonized by J. Sebn. Bach—371 for a few shillings—of which Nos. 101 and 193 are both the chorale mentioned, with two totally different harmonies. The work was published by Hartel & Breitkopf, with a preface in German signed "C. F. Becker," Leipzig, den 9 December, 1831. The stamp of R. Cocks & Co., London, is on the title-page. I will have pleasure in writing out for him the two arrangements if he will send his address.—Your obedient servant,

Broadway, Worcestershire.

A. DAWSON

THE WAR-SONGS OF FRANCE AND GERMANY.

At the outset of an article on such a theme it is not easy to avoid discussing the part played by music and poetry in all national movements—a part so great that the philosopher who esteemed a maker of songs more than a maker of laws can hardly be charged with extravagance. We shall, nevertheless, keep clear of a topic upon which the utterance of anything but truisms is hopeless; and pass at once to the war-chants born of, or revived by, the unhappy contest now raging. The wide-spread influence of these effusions, and the honour conferred upon them by national adoption, demand that they, not less than other features of a wonderful historic event, shall have due notice.

Giving place to the victors, we must also give place, among the victors' songs, to Wilhelm's "Die Wacht am Rhein," which, more than anything else embodies the fervent Teutonic aspiration, and expresses the stern Teutonic resolve. For some time the authorship of its words was doubtful, but the distinction is now awarded to one Max Schneckenburger, a native of Thalheim, in Württemberg, who, as a youth, wrote verses and printed them; but, as a man, founded ironworks at Burgdorf, near Berne, and regretted his poetic folly. Dying in 1849, when only thirty years of age, this respectable German tradesman never dreamed of the great heritage upon which his name was fated to enter. He probably remembered "Die Wacht am Rhein" from the fact that it was sent, with a lover's pardonable vanity, as a gift to his betrothed; but we may be assured that he thought less of it than of getting together a compact little library and carrying on his ironworks. The library still exists; so may the ironworks; so, emphatically, does "Die Wacht am Rhein," and with it will live for ever the name of Max Schneckenburger. The composer, Wilhelm, is not unknown, apart from the famous song. Early set to musical studies by his father, the organist of Schmalkaden in Thuringia, he subsequently became a pupil of Louis Spohr, Aloys Schmidt, and André de Offenbach. A prolific writer, and one not less able than prolific, Wilhelm has given to the world many things which have made their mark; but his genius shines most when patriotism is the theme. The "Wacht am Rhein," composed in 1854, and the chorus for male voices, "Wache auf, Deutschland," with its determined refrain, "Kein Fuss weit von dem Deutschen Lande soll je Französisch werden" (1868), are, undoubtedly, achievements upon which Wilhelm's fame, as a national musician, may safely rest. The former is a model people's melody. Broad in phrase, well-marked in rhythm, and, so to speak, pulsating with vigour, the memory seizes it at once; and the heart responds, as by instinct, to its appeal. Very grand must have been the effect of its stately march as the German hosts sang—

Und ob mein Herz im Tode bricht
Wirst du noch drum ein Waischer nicht
Reich, wie an Wasser deiner Flut
Ist Deutschland ja ein Heldenblut.
Lieb Vaterland, mögest ruhig sein,
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein.

It is pleasant to know that Wilhelm lives to receive the honours bestowed by a grateful country, and, it may be, to deserve still more. Schneckenburger's widow also survives; while his eldest son carries a rifle in the Württemberg contingent.

The wonderful popularity of "Die Wacht am Rhein" has thrown the other national songs of Germany somewhat into the shade; but two, at least, have played no mean part in the struggle now going on. We refer to "Was ist der deutschen Vaterland?" and "Sie Sollen ihn nicht haben;" the former representing the aggressive, the latter the defensive spirit of Teutonic patriotism. It may be objected that there is nothing aggressive in Teutonic patriotism; but the existence of a popular song which says—

So weit di deutsche Zunge klingt,
Und Gott im Himmel Lieder singt
Das soll es sein, das soll es sein!
Das, wackrer Deutscher, nenne Dein

—has a significance anything but reassuring to Germany's near neighbours. The song, let us add, is well adapted for its mission. To the terse sentences of a half-a-dozen catechetical verses are wedded abrupt and imperative melodic phrases; while the declaration that Germania extends "As far as German tongue shall ring" is set to music of chorale-like solemnity, as though it formed part of a religious creed. "Sie sollen ihn nicht haben" is a composition, both words and music, of inferior value; the melody wanting dignity, and the verses being little more than a petulant defiance of "all and sundry" to come and take the German river, if they can. It is interesting to know that shortly after the Revolution of 1830, when fears were entertained of a French invasion, Mendelssohn was asked to write music for this song. That the great composer declined argues nothing against his patriotism, but a good deal for his strong common sense, which set down as positively childish these reiterated declarations that nobody should take

away what could well be defended without bluster. He may also have foreseen that so direct a challenge was sure to provoke the retort which, as everybody knows, has since appeared, in the shape of Alfred de Musset's "Rhein Allemand." Everybody does not know, however, to what extent lyric "crowings" of this sort have excited the passions and intensified the mutual hatred of the combatants.

The three compositions above named sufficiently represent the war-songs of Germany; and we may pass over the host which have done subordinate duty. Before turning to those of France, however, it may be well to remark how all display an intense love of country, and a not less intense hatred of the foreign foe. Here we have the reflection in song of those weary years during which a divided Fatherland was the prey of conquest—years, be it also noted, the fiery trials of which helped to fuse all German hearts into one.

In France, the "Marseillaise" has asserted its supremacy, demolishing the barriers set up by twenty years of proscription, and becoming the expression of national sentiment from the Tuileries to the utmost limits of what only a few days ago was the Empire. This might have been expected, for, more potent than the Fiery Cross of the Highland clans, the French revolutionary hymn not only summons to arms, but infuses the spirit wherewith to use them. Its glorious utterances may well turn cravens into heroes, and make the weak irresistible; in short, it realizes all that poets have dreamed of the power of the sister art. The story of its composition by Rouget de Lisle, in the now-beleagured Strasburg, is too well known for relation here; but we must not omit noticing the feeble attempt made by a newspaper correspondent to give the tune a German origin. The writer in question would have us believe that the "Marseillaise" is "German holy music found in an old church of the German village, Holzheim;" to which our reply is a distinct refusal to do anything of the sort, and a strong expression of belief in an ill-timed hoax. Singularly enough, the two most popular French songs, after the "Marseillaise," are, like it, vestiges of the great Revolution, the three being the only survivors of a group which included the "Chant de la Victoire," the "Chant du Retour," the "Chanson de Roland" (Méhul's), the "Chant de Juillet" the "Chant Marial," the Hymne à l'Être Suprême, the "Hymne à la Liberté," and Gossée's "Peuple, reveille-toi." Those to which we now specially refer are Méhul's "Chant du Départ" and Girey-Dupré's "Mourir pour la Patrie," the former inseparably connected with revolutionary sacrifices and triumphs, the latter, in its origin at least, associated with the noble band of Girondists whose fate its author shared.

Méhul's song is ill-adapted by the peculiarity of its construction for general use. In point of fact, it might be termed a cantata with solos for different voices, varied by passages in chorus. Thus two old men, a mother, and a bride successively utter patriotic sentiments suggested by their respective circumstances, the chorus answering each thus:—

"La République vous appelle;
Sachez vaincre ou sachez périr.
Un Français doit vivre pour elle;
Pour elle un Français doit mourir."

That the song—if we may call it—has survived in spite of such a construction, is good proof of excellence in other respects. The music does credit even to Méhul, a composer whose credit is of the highest. Every phrase has the genuine clang of the trumpet in it, and a martial spirit animates the whole to an extent which sufficiently explains and justifies its popularity. The words of "Mourir pour la Patrie" are, of course, an adaptation of those written by Dupré a few hours before he ascended the scaffold; but the melody remains unaltered. The song is, in fact, the "Chant des Girondins," with only such changes as have fitted it for general use. We question, however if any adaptation can secure for it immortality. Revived by an accident—the concurrence of Lamartine's *Histoire des Girondins* and the Revolution of 1848—and made popular by use in Dumas's *Chevalier de la Maison Rouge* "Mourir pour la Patrie" has won temporary rank as a national hymn, but words and music alike are wanting in that nervous force and resolute energy which are the first essentials of their kind. The songs of the First Empire can hardly be said to survive the second, "Partant pour la Syrie" being now as dead as Gretry's "Veillons au salut de l'Empire," Choron's "Sentinelle," or Sauvan's "Veillant Troubadour." The airs of the Restoration, it need hardly be said, preceded these to the tomb; for it is long since "Vive Henry IV." and "Charmante Gabrielle" lost the semblance of that popular favour they never really enjoyed. On the other hand, the Revolution of 1830 gave birth to a song which still lives, and is a power in its way. We refer to the "Parisienne" of Casimir Delavigne, whose animated words, however, suffer much by union with an Hungarian air never thoroughly acceptable to French taste, though manipulated by a hand no less distinctively French than that of Auber. From 1830 to 1870—from the "Parisienne" to the "Rhin Allemand"—nothing calls for notice; and De Musset's vigorous answer to "Sie sollen ihn nicht haben," is chiefly remarkable as bringing out into striking relief a feature of not a

few national anthems. The "Rhin Allemand" was written during the consumption of one cigar; and the fact reminds us that the "Marseillaise" was the work of a night; that the "Sword" of Korner sprang from the exaltation which forebode the poet's immediate death in battle, and that "Mourir pour la Patrie" was written while its author awaited the fatal tumbril. Such things must, indeed, be inspirations; and who can wonder that, coming, as it were, unbidden from the depths of a human soul, they move every heart to sympathy, and exert a power greater than all the material forces which are made their servants?

THADDEUS EGG.

3 Word for the Fallen.

Another Sovereign of France has fallen! Louis Napoléon Buonaparte is said to have amassed enormous riches as Emperor of the French, and to be quite content to retire from the ruin he has caused into the splendid privacy which the resources of France will supply with every luxury. According to the prevailing rumours, he has money in the Dutch funds, in the English funds, in the American funds, and in railways all over the world. That such should be the popular notion is not surprising, for undoubtedly the Court of the Second Empire has had the control of incalculable sums. But persons of discernment will be quite prepared to believe that this opinion is entirely baseless. There have been Sovereigns who have been men of business. Louis Philippe was supposed to be one; Napoleon III. was not one at all. Whatever his faults, they were not in the direction of parsimony and private self-seeking. An enthusiast who believes in his name, his fortune, his destiny, his overpowering will, his unerring judgment, is not the man to square his expenditure by his income. The man who saves is generally one who, though he does few great things, has the talent of doing small things well. This was just the reverse of the ex-Emperor's character, who, though till lately he applied to the concerns of the Empire a powerful judgment, always seems to have left details to others. What the Emperor's household must have been we may judge from knowing what the Emperor's army has been. The Emperor had a Civil List which economical Frenchmen thought exorbitant; but what were these millions to the expenditure of the Empire? What we have said will prepare our readers to learn that the rumours concerning the huge accumulations of the Emperor are absolutely without foundation. He went poor to France, and poor he has quitted it. People say there has been corruption; be it so—we do not deny it; we do not doubt it. Wherever there is a profuse expenditure, corruption as surely follows as disease follows the conditions which are favourable to it. But the Imperial family has profited nothing. Let the worst be admitted—that everything has been jobbed—army, navy, public works, Paris improvements, political news, commercial enterprise; the jobbing has not enriched the Throne. Unless we are misinformed, the Emperor Napoleon, who has been the Chief of the French State for nearly twenty-two years, and its almost absolute master for nearly eighteen, retains no other private property than a small cottage which came to him from his mother. Call it rashness, call it overweening confidence, or call it a generous carelessness, it is proved by the event that he did not devote his reign to the accumulation of money. Whatever he has received from France he has spent in the country, in accordance with the social system which was established with the Empire. That system was, no doubt, extravagant in the extreme. No contemporary Sovereign has held such a Court. The Czar who owns vast domains as his private property, besides ignoring the limitations of a Civil List in dealing with the public Treasury, could not maintain such splendour. The Sultan may squander millions, but his Oriental magnificence has been mere shabbiness by the side of Paris. What our own Court is we all see; and as we know its cost, we may, when we compare it with that of the French Emperor, form some judgment of his expenses.

Thus we have a clear light thrown on the Court life of the late reign. The system was magnificent, profuse, extravagant, and, as the event has proved, relaxing to the best energies of the country. But the Chief of the State has paid the penalty. Fortunes have been made on all sides, but Napoléon and his family have made no fortune; they have spent all they received in maintaining their Imperial establishment at the high pitch which modern France, under their own tuition, has demanded. This will surprise no one who knows anything of the Paris of late years. Take, for instance, the reception of foreign Sovereigns and distinguished guests of all kinds, the lavish expenditure of 1867, and the constant entertainments at the Tuileries through a great part of every year. When to this are added the gratifications expected and received by the numberless friends of a dominant régime, we shall cease to wonder that

the ruler, who is the paymaster of the whole, should not have amassed a private fortune. Napoléon III. will leave his German place of captivity at the end of the war almost as poor a man as he was when he entered France in 1848. The Empress has, indeed, her jewels, gifts at her marriage and on her fête-days; but these are her private property, the State jewels being now in the hands of the French Government at Tours; she has, besides, an hereditary property in Spain, and the Prince Imperial has a house which has been bequeathed to him near Trieste. This, we believe, is all that remains to the family which lately was supreme in France. It need hardly be said that in speaking of these private matters our only object is to dissipate the calumnies which have assailed a dethroned Sovereign. In the country which he lately ruled no voice is ever raised in favour of the fallen. Sovereign, or Minister, or Republican celebrity, let him be but once overthrown, and he has the yelling crowd around him, and afterwards what is called History is too often tainted with the malignity of the hour. It is, therefore, not only excusable, but necessary, to state the truth at once. Napoléon III. has much to answer for at the bar of public opinion, but the world will do him this justice—that, though for so long a period he distributed the favours of the most splendid State in Europe, he left France in his old age with little of its wealth cleaving to him.—*Times*.

PRAYER AND SONG.

To all Christians, lovers of the Word of God, greeting!—As for public prayers, there are two kinds of them. The one is expressed in words only, and the other with song; and this is no recent invention, for from the first origin of the Church this has been the case, as appears in history. And even St. Paul does not speak of verbal prayer alone, but also of singing. And in truth, we know by experience that song has great force and power in moving and inflaming the heart of man to invoke and praise God with more vehement and ardent zeal.

It should always be seen to that the song should not be light and frivolous, but that it have weight and majesty—as saith St. Augustine; and also that there is a great difference between the music that is employed for the enjoyment of men at table and in their houses and the psalms which they sing in church in the presence of God and His angels. But when the form here given is rightly judged of, we hope that it will be found holy and pure, seeing that it is simply constructed for the edification of which we have spoken, as well as that the use of singing may be greatly extended, so that even in the houses and in the fields it may be to us an incitement and an instrument or means to praise God and raise our hearts to Him, and to console us in meditating on His power, goodness, wisdom, and justice, which is more necessary for us than we know how to express.

For the first, it is not without cause that the Holy Spirit exhorts us so carefully, by the Holy Scripture, to rejoice ourselves in God, and that all our joy should rest in Him as its true end. For He knows how truly we are inclined to please ourselves in vanity. Thus, while our nature draws and leads us to seek all means of foolish and vicious enjoyment, on the contrary, our Lord, to separate and draw us from the allurements of the flesh and of the world, presents to us every possible means to fill us with that spiritual joy which he commends so much to us.

But amongst other things which are suitable for the recreation of men, and for yielding them pleasure, music is either the first or one of the chief, and we must esteem it a gift of God bestowed for that end. Therefore, by so much the more, we ought to see that it is not abused, for fear of soiling and contaminating it—turning that to our condemnation which was given for our profit and good. Even were there no other consideration than this alone, it ought to move us to regulate the use of music, so as to make it subservient to all good morals, and that it should not give occasion for losing the bridle of disoluteness, that it should not lead to voluptuousness, nor be the instrument of immodesty and impurity.

But further, there is scarcely anything in this world which can more powerfully turn or bend hither and thither the manners of men—as Plato has wisely remarked. And, in fact, we experimentally feel that it has a secret and incredible power over our hearts to move them one way or other. Therefore, we ought to be so much the more careful to regulate it in such a manner that it may be useful to us, and in no way pernicious. For this reason the ancient doctors of the Church often complained that the people of their time were addicted to disgraceful and immodest songs, which, not without cause, they esteemed and called a deadly and satanic poison for corrupting the world.

But in speaking of music I include two parts—to wit, the words, or subject and matter; secondly, the song or melody. It is true that all evil words, as saith St. Paul, corrupt good manners, but when melody is united to them they much more powerfully pierce the heart and enter in—just as when by a funnel wine is poured into a vessel, so poison and corruption are infused into the depth of the heart by melody.

What, then, is to be done? It is to have songs not only pure, but also holy—that they may be incitements to stir us up to pray to and praise God, and to meditate on His works, in order to love Him, fear Him, honour, and glorify

Him. But what St. Augustine says is true, that none can sing things worthy of God but those who have received the power from Himself. Wherefore, when we have sought all round, searching here and there, we shall find no songs better and more suitable for this end than the Psalms of David, which the Holy Spirit dictated and gave him. And therefore, when we sing them, we are as certain that God has put words into our mouths as if He Himself sang within us to exalt His glory. Wherefore Chrysostom exhorts all men and women and little children to accustom themselves to sing them as a means of associating themselves with the company of angels. Further, we must remember what St. Paul says—that spiritual songs cannot be sung well but with the heart; but the heart requires the understanding; and in that, saith St. Augustine, lies the difference between the song of man and that of birds—for a linnet, and nightingale, and a jay (*papegay*) may sing well, but it will be without understanding.

But the peculiar gift of man is to sing knowing what he says. Further, the understanding ought to accompany the heart and affections, which cannot be unless we have the song imprinted in our memory, that we may be ever singing it.

This present book, for this cause, besides what otherwise has been said, ought to be particularly acceptable to every one who desires, without reproach and according to God, to rejoice in seeing his own salvation, and the good of his neighbours; and thus has no need to be much recommended by me, as it carries in itself its own value and praise. Only let the world be well advised that instead of songs partly vain and frivolous, partly foolish and dull, partly filthy and vile, and consequently wicked and hurtful, which it has heretofore used, it should accustom itself hereafter to sing these heavenly and divine songs, with good King David.

Touching the music, it appeared best that it should be simple in the way we have put it, to carry weight and majesty suitable to the subject, and even to be sung in church as has been said.

JOHN CALVIN.

Geneva, 10th June, 1543.

W A I F S.

One of the greatest of singers, past, present, and to come—Marietta Alboni (the Countess of Pepoli), has arrived in London, and in all probability will remain for some time among us. May we look forward to hearing this consummate artist during the autumn and winter season—at the Crystal Palace or elsewhere? Let us hope so.

Mr. Tom Hohler has arrived in London.

Dr. Ferdinand Hiller has gone back to Cologne.

Gay's *Beggars' Opera* has been produced at the Gaiety Theatre.

The Bonn Beethoven Festival is fixed to take place in the spring of 1871, should there be peace.

All the theatres and café concerts have been closed in Paris, and music is silent everywhere but in the churches.

Madame Adelina Patti is still in London. She has consented to sing, as we are informed, at more than one concert in the country.

Signor Schira has returned to London, from Milan, where the general talk in musical circles is his forthcoming new opera, *Leah*.

Mr. Maurice Strakosch is in London, with his family—not, as some of our contemporaries have reported, at New York, with Mdlle. Nilsson.

Organ music seems to be making way at the Antipodes, and the Australian papers give an account of "a Congress of Organists" at a Wesleyan chapel, Sydney.

The London public will, it is said, have an early opportunity of hearing Mr. Benedict's new oratorio, *St. Peter*, the production of which was "the event" of the Birmingham Festival.

There is reason to believe that Cherubini's *Deux Journées* will shortly be produced, in an English dress, at the Gaiety Theatre, with Mr. Santley in the character of the Water-carrier.

We understand that Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to accept the dedication of Mr. Benedict's oratorio, *St. Peter*, which produced so great an impression at the Birmingham Musical Festival.

The farewell tour in the chief towns of the United Kingdom of Signor Mario has commenced. He is accompanied by Signor Sivori, violinist, the Chevalier de Kontski, pianist, and Fraulein Liebhart and Mdlle. Enriques, vocalists.

Sir Michael Costa's new German national hymn, "All Honour to the King," composed expressly for the King of Prussia, and first performed at Berlin in presence of the Royal Family, in 1868, has been published simultaneously at Berlin, Leipzig, and London.

Mr. Ridley Prentice's "Monthly Popular Concerts" at Brixton, will shortly be resumed; and in the same neighbourhood Mr. Lemare's Choral Society has issued its programme, among the promised novelties being Mr. Barnby's *Rebekah*.

The position of affairs on the Continent is exercising a natural influence on the movements of foreign as well as English artists, and the announcement that Signor ——— intends to remain in England during the autumn and winter is becoming a more and more common form of advertisement.—*Choir*.

The husband of Madame Pauline Lucca, Baron von Rahden, is not dead. He was severely wounded, but hopes are entertained of his recovery. Madame Lucca visited the head-quarters of the German army in France when she received the news. The Baron will be removed to his residence in the Victoria Strasse, Berlin, as soon as possible.

The Committee of the Birmingham Festival, through the Orchestral Chairman, Mr. Peyton, presented Mr. W. H. Cummings with a handsome gold chain and appendages in recognition of the obliging manner in which he had given much valuable and extra assistance both in the solo and concerted music,—a well deserved compliment to one of the most intelligent and conscientious artists before the public.

An accident occurred on Monday night by which a dancer was severely burnt, at the Alexandra Music-hall, in Peter Street, Manchester. A new ballet had been performed, and a set scene was being completed by raising Miss Lucelle, leading *dansuse*, into view in the centre of the *tableau*, when the support on which she stood lurched, and she fell forward upon a row of gas jets, by which her dress was ignited, and she was severely burnt.

One of the most objectionable forms of "charity," called forth by popular sympathy with the sufferers by the war is that which induces persons to publish music absolutely worthless, under the plea that the proceeds of the sale will be devoted to the patriotic funds. The result in nine cases out of ten is that the composer airs his name, obtains credit for benevolence, and issues his music with the certainty that he will be able to pay the printer.—*Choir*.

The final Report of the Royal Commission on Ritual is remarkable for nothing but divergence of opinion amongst Commissioners on nearly every point discussed. If their recommendations become law the only one effect in the musical portion of the services is that the rubric after the third collect is to stand—"Here may follow an anthem or hymn"—instead of, "in choirs and places where they sing here followeth the anthem,"—merely by putting into words the practice of the day.

"Coming down this morning"—says a Paris correspondent—"I passed the church of the Madeleine. The scene there was certainly unique. The whole of the fine square which surrounds that still finer building was full of Mobile Guards going through their drill. It was strange to hear the music of the organ (Mass was being sung) mingle with the clashing of bayonets and the stern voices of drill sergeants. Inside the church the curate was preaching peace and goodwill, while outside the commander was shouting war and revenge."

The programme of the recent "National Musical Congress" held at New York, included the reading of papers. Dr. James Pech, organist of Trinity Church, read a paper on *Academical Degrees in Music*. Mr. G. F. Root discussed the principles of elementary musical education. Mr. Henry C. Watson read a paper on the *Duties and Objects of the Congress*. The musical director of the Peabody Institute at Baltimore discussed *Musical Criticism*; and Church Music was handled by a clergyman and a layman.

The Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, will be re-opened for Divine service to-morrow. At the 10 o'clock service the sermon will be preached by the Rev. Francis Garden, M.A., Sub-Dean, and at 12 o'clock by the Rev. F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter Cathedral and preacher at Lincoln's Inn. At Chapel Royal, Whitehall, the sermon at the 11 o'clock a.m. service will be preached by the Rev. Arthur Holmes, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of Clare College, Cambridge, and at 3 o'clock p.m., by the Rev. Francis Garden, M.A., the Sub-Dean. At Chapel Royal, Savoy, there will be holy communion at 8 o'clock a.m., morning prayer at 11.30 with sermon by the Rev. Henry White, Chaplain to the House of Commons and Savoy; evening prayer at 7 with sermon by the Rev. Dr. Barry, Principal of King's College, London.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

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To the Editor of the "Choir."

SIR,—I was glad to see, in your last week's issue, that a lay clerk had come to the defence of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury Cathedral for their most meritorious conduct in giving the Choir boys a holiday, a proceeding which seemed to have raised the angry passions of your tourist correspondent. If he does not remember the adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," surely the very fact that he was himself seeking recreation might have induced him to be more merciful to the young choristers. During my school days it was my lot constantly to attend the Cathedral, and I can bear testimony to the regularity of the choir, both men and boys, which I have reason to know still distinguishes them, and might with advantage be imitated in our metropolitan and other cathedrals.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Stockwell, S. W.

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